

CORRUPTION
OF THE
TIMES
BY
MONEY.
A
SATYR.

By ROBERT GOULD.

L O N D O N :

*Printed for Matthew Wotton at the Three
Daggers in Fleet-Street, 1693.*

THE
CORRUPTION

OF THE

WITNESS

BY

MONEY

SATYRE

BY

1857

Printed for William Weston at the Times
Printers in Fleet Street, 1857.

T O
Fleetwood Sheppard Esq;
Gentleman-Usher to the
K I N G, &c.

S I R,

I Earnestly wish there were anything in this Poem that would counter-bail the Favour you would do me if you please to accept of it: I lay it at your Feet, with an humble Acknowledgement of the many Favours you have done me; And as I am sensible this Return will not weigh down the least of 'em, so it should not be omitted if I were certain 'twas'd over-balance the greatest. Tho' I am remov'd from you so far, and have not seen you for some Years, yet neither Distance nor Time shall make me forget how great a Friend you have been to me, nor fail to own it with all that due Respect that becomes me whenever I hear you mention'd. I never think of Ingratitude but with Detestation; certainly there is not a greater Sign of an ill Christian than unthankfulness to Benefactors: 'Tis true, there are some Men that falsely pretend to that Honorable Title; if they do a Kindness they will sometimes repent of it, which shews their Benevolence was only good Humour: Others will boast of it, and thus proclaim theirs to be Ostentation: There are others that confer little Bounties to a single Person, a Pimp or a Parasite shall be plentifully reliev'd, and the poor Man that is just ready to perish shall be sent away with Curses; an Affliction quite contrary to the noble and dispassion'd Essence of Charity. 'Tis not, Sir, so with you; there never was a Man known so ready, upon all Oc-

Dedication.

raisons, to be serviceable to all sorts of Persons. Again, there are yet others that think they merit very highly by dropping some small pieces to the Poor, and they too come dribbling from them as if their Charity had the Strangury: 'Tis better, indeed, to give little than not at all, but it is better to give nothing than to bestow it grudgingly, for what Benefit can such pretend to from that Text of Scripture that says, God loves a cheerful Giver. In the meantime you are endeavouring to procure for Indigent Persons competent Subsistences for their Lives, which is relieving whole Families at once, and stretching your Charity to succeeding Generations. No Man that ever ask'd your Assistance wanted it, even though he had no pretence to it. That Impertinency which others think is Impudence appears to you Necessity; and 'tis not to be doubted, but a Man does press in his Circumstances says and does many things which he blushes at in private. You have yet another Benificence of Mind which is very much admir'd, and seems to have more Humanity in it than any thing I have mention'd; and that is, that even a Man's Faults makes not your Kindness the less active: in which, no doubt, you do excellently well. To forbear to do good to any Person because he is not so virtuous as he ought to be, gives us a just pretence to do no good at all, for no Man is without his Failings: To be kind to Merit is so indispensably our Duty, that it leaves the less room for our Praises; on the other hand, to deal out our Kindnesses promiscuously, without regard to the Errors of some, or the blind-sides of others, is, in some proportion, to be like God himself; for we, by our Desert, have no pretence to his Favours, should he with-hold his Bounties from all that are bad, there would hardly be one good Man left to thank him for his Blessings.

From what has been said may be collected the Nobleness of your Temper; and indeed you have ever valu'd Vertue so much, and Riches so little, that were not this Address my Duty, it should have been my Choice: To whom could I more fitly make a Present of this Poem, than to him, that needs not blush when he reads it? Had my Performance been equal to my Idea of the Subject, there had not one Knave or Fool gone unpunish'd. But however, I may have fail'd in the main Design, I have to say, in my Defence, that my Intentions were honest, and I beg you, Sir, to let that (for it has scarce any other Virtue,) recommend it to your Protection.

A

Though

Dedication.

Though it may want that Spirit that should animate a Sayer, it wants not that Sincerity that should Influence a Christian, for I may safely swear to the Truth of every Article.

Having this Opportunity, I should here declare to the World those other Excellencies of yours that are so much the Admiration and Delight of it; that happy Pleasantness of Disposition, that habitual Liveliness and Delicacy of Conversation, that Reach and Sublimity of Judgment, that inexhaustable Variety and Newness of Wit, which has made you the Esteem of the First Rank of Nobility in the Kingdom, and rais'd you up even to an Intimacy with Princes; but this is what I shall forbear to insist on, because I will comply with your Modesty, and, indeed, with all things else that may shew I am,

Sir,

Your most humble, and

truly devoted Servant

R. GOULD.

Introduction

I have a great pleasure in writing to you, and I hope that you will find it interesting. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Yours truly,

John Doe

1890

THE
Corruption of the Times

BY

MONEY.
A SATYR.

TWAS not the *dazzling Gem*, or *shining Ore*,
The *Pride of Courts*, nor *Plato's endless store*
That in mild *Saturn's* peaceful Reign, of old,
Did constitute the famous *Age of Gold*;

'Twas *Justice* alone, the *greatest Good*
That cou'd on *human Nature* be bestow'd;
Under his *Pine* each *Man* securely lay,
And, *Wideth* unknown, ne'er practis'd to betray.
The *Daughter's Dowry* was *untainted Truth*,
Attended by *Virginity* and *Truth*;
Who now can one with such a *Fortune* find?
O charming — but O faithless *Womankind*!

Why are not *Heav'n's best-Blessings* made to last?
Ah! Why so brittle? Why so quickly past?
Why did those *Golden Minutes* fly so fast?
Upright the *Image* of his *God* was made,
But Ah! How is he warp'd? How is he stray'd?
His own *Inventions*, wildly, he pursues,
Can gain but little, and has much to lose.

Ev'na

Ev'n *Earth's* dark Bowels from his piercing sight
 Could not conceal her seeds of *glimmering Light*;
 He digs, succeeds, his *shining Labour* finds,
 And streight has *new Desires* and *new Designs*;
 Swell'd with his *Wealth*, disclaims his *kindred Earth*,
 And talks of *Tales*, *Dignities*, and *Birth*.
 With *Useless Money* all his *Time* he wastes
 And then 'twas, first, that *Man* did ruin *Man*.

A while, indeed, the happy *Spartan State*,
 With a firm *Mind*, did all her *Charms* rebate,
 And so long stood as if 'twere prop'd by *Fate*,
 Success her *Standards* ever did attend,
 And *Fame* declares her *Praise* shall never end:
 But *Gold* and *Silver* seiz'd the *Reins* at length,
 Those *Delilahs* betray'd her of her *Strength*,
 Unstrung her *Nerves* and shatter'd in her *Lane*,
 Which half the *World*, before, had strove to do in vain.

To name the *Guilt*, the *Cruelty*, and *Regr-*
 This *Mischief* has produc'd in every *Age*,
 Is not the *Tail* which here the *Mice* enjoy;
 We only speak the *Follies* and the *Crimes*,
 With which it does infect the *Present Time*,
 Bold the *Design*, but points at *publick good*,
 And that will have the *publick Thanks*.

Take, then, a view of all that you can see,
 Of each *Religion*, *Calling*, and *Degree*,
 The *Presbyterians*, *Baptists*, *Quakers*, *Papists*,
Socinians, and their elder *Brethren Atheists*,
Lords, *Laqueys*, *Juglers*, *Judges*, *Knaves* and *Fools*,
Punks, *Players*, *Pimps* and *Bands*, with all the *shoals*,
 Of *Trading Cuckolds* that encompass *Pauls*,
 Mark to what *Centre* all their *Motions* tend,
 And see if *Money's* not their only end,
 Their *Primum Mobile* that makes no stay,
 But wheels about and turns 'em all one way.

The dutious Knot-Obsequious sold by *Flour*,
 The Bull's *Quint* and the *Beacon* Prayers,
 The Lover's *Courtesy* and the *Quint* of *Sermons*,
 The Strumpet's *Patience* under *Prig*,
 The Statesman's Love to his Country bears,
 The perjur'd Villain's *Lav* *Shells* of *East*,
 The Noise of *Adversaries*, the *Eloquence*
 Of *Lawyers*, which they *Copy* out from thence,
 Only the *Jay*'s more and less the *Scold*;
 The *Whitehall* fawning *Office* to obtain
 (While good Men dance Attendance there in vain;
 A *Flatt'ring* *Cock*, or a *pliant* *Knave*,
 Has still, in *Court*, the Advantage of the *Brave*,
 For he that's *humble* will not be a *Slave*:
 The base Submissions to *Insult* we show,
 (For Man, by Nature, cannot stoop so low)
 The Slavish Distance we to *Favorites* pay,
 (For *Knaves* in *Office* turn *Promotions* *Key*),
Priests cringing to Superior *Mis'* & *Pride*,
Supple to them, but *stiff* to all beside;
 The *Love* and *Friendship* we to rich Men feign,
 And ev'n the *Poets* *Panegyrick* *Strain*,
 Is nothing else but the pursuit of *Gain*.

'Tis true, most of them (which would force a Smile)
 Hunt on cold *ferre*, pursue a fruitless toyl.
 The *Punning* *Cassius* may pretend to *get*,
 But — (if I too may *see*) 'tis *more* in *Debt*.
 The *Laquy* may grow Rich while *Lords* come short,
 Of which we've store of Instances at *Court*.
 The *Jowler* and the *Judge*, too, may complain,
 For both now strive to *cheat* the World in vain;
 In *light* and *shift* and *Trick* they both agree,
 But a quick Eye may all their *Flies* *see*:
 This difference, tho' we may between 'em write,
 That, by *Priseflown*, does deceive your sight,
 This does you *wring* and sets to do you *right*:
 How many *see*, *missing* *Thief* have dy'd

While *Murders* live and flourish by a *Drill*;
 Why (O ye *Power*s) must the *bad* *Money* and *Power*
 Belong to *Common Rogues* and only *them*?
 And the *cur'd Judge*, that has an *itching Palm*,
 Dye Old; without his *Halter* and a *Psalter*;
 The *Soldiers*, too, may cease of *War* to state,
 For cutting *Throats* may once grow out of *Date*!
 And then we starve the *Male-Contents* of *State*;
 Those *needy Villains* that still pray for *Change*,
 To satisfy their *Wants* and their *Avarice*.
 The *Scissmarick* may *Can* but be deceiv'd,
 For *Knaves* and *Fools* may cease to be believ'd;
 What *Holiness* so'er the *Pope* may feign,
 Their *Audience* finds their *Godliness* is *Gain*.
Large Contributions made 'em leave the *Church*,
 And now grown *small*, have left them in the *lurch*.
 Their *Resty Flocks* will serve *God* in no way,
 Th' *Indulgence* of the *State* allows they may!
 A true-blue *Self-Pris*, like a *Weed* that *crop'd*,
 Will thrust *Ten Branches* out for *one* that's *lord'd*.
 But let alone, like *that*, he grows so *fast*,
 He is by his own *Rankness* kill'd at *last*.
 Whoever, then, intends their *Extermination*,
 Will do it easiest by a *Toleration*.
 The *Harlot's Pleasure* too may turn to *pain*,
 One cruel *Flux* licks up a *Twelve-months Gain*;
 But *Flux* on *Flux* makes not her *lewdness less*,
 Nor the vain *Fop* less eager to possess;
 Till *pox'd* all o'er, embracing one another,
 They but change *Hells* at last, from *that* to *rather*.
 The *Friendship* of the *Rich* we may implore,
 And shall attain it— if we are not *poor*.
 They *Feast*, invite, and *jamper* one another,
 But spare not one *Thought* on a *Sin-cure Brother*.
 Yet some will *give*, but 'tis to get *applause*,
 Or patch up many *avaricious Flaws*.
 A *specious Veil* they draw, but who's not *blind*?
 May see the *sneaking*, *grudging Claw* behind.

Can a free Poet give the *Common* actors
 Of scraping *Prizels* together, not your *own* *W*
 Some of it glean'd from the *Day-Labourers* Hire, *W*
 And some retrench'd from *Servants* Food and *Fire*, *W*
 Or if I throw a *Shilling* to the *Poor*, *W*
 Relieves it him I *would* if *Love* *Justice* *W*
 Mistaken Men! so did that *London* *W*
 That made a *Devil* and design'd a *Saint*, *W*
 The *Poet*, too, a *Parasite* may be *W*
 But thro' his *falsum* *Praise* all *Eyes* may see *W*
 His *Little Truth* and *large* *Blasphemy* *W*
 If he cringe much the *last* will be his *Lot*, *W*
 A *Hangman's* *Hire* is not *richly* got, *W*
 Why shoud' a *Wit* (against *Apollon's* *Rules*) *W*
 Take *pay* for giving *Fame* to *Knaves* and *Fools*, *W*
 Why shoud' that *Art* to prostitution fall! *W*
 Inspir'd by *Hesperus*, yet at a *Golcomb's* *Call*, *W*
 O fix not him a *Pattern* for the *Times*, *W*
 That's *Eminent* for nothing but his *Crimes*! *W*
 But let that *Parasite* only fill your *Laps*, *W*
 That does *Reward* your *Toyl*, not *buy* your *praise*, *W*
 Such *Slavery* was, and such is *Dorset* now, *W*
 With *Wreaths* of everlasting *Praise* adorn his *gen'rous* *Brow*, *W*
 But *Painter*, *Player*, *Pimp* and *Band* will thrive *W*
 As long as *Farce*, or *Theatre* survive, *W*
 For *Lust* and *Vanity* o'erflow the *Age*, *W*
 And still ebb back to their own *Spring*, the *Stage*, *W*
 But leave, at every *Tyde*, more *Vice* behind *W*
 Than there would need to taint all *Human-kind*: *W*
 So *Nile*, decreasing, spreads a *flume* so *Rich*, *W*
Serpents take *Life* from the *Sun's* *Fatal* *Itch*, *W*
 Let's monstrous *Birch* than *Playhouse* *Dog* and *Bitch*. *W*
 Thus, tho' th'extremest *Shift* and *Craft* is try'd, *W*
 The most that *Toyl* for *Gain* shoot short, or wide; *W*
 Unluckily at the bright *mark* they aim, *W*
 Which tho' they *miss*, they must not *miss* the *Blame*, *W*
 For their *undue* *purport* is still the *same*. *W*

Destructive *Mineral*! when didst thou'd the *East* & the *West*
 Was the *fall* *Mineral* that did give thee *Birth*? & whence didst thou
 From *Hell* thou com'st, and thither must againe thou
 Retire, when done thy *Universal* *Reign*? & whence dost thou
 Nor does this with the *Ancients* disagree? & whence dost thou
 When to each thing thou assign'd a *Deity*? & whence dost thou
 He that was *God of Hell* was *God of thee*? & whence dost thou
 Talk not of *Nations* rul'd by *Cæsar's* *Line*? & whence dost thou
 The greatest *Monarchy* on *Earth* is *thine*? & whence dost thou
 VVith *Faith* thou may'st *Faithfully* contend; & whence dost thou
 For *Thine's* a *Kingdom* that will *never* end; & whence dost thou
 VVhat more than happy *Minures* might we see? & whence dost thou
 How *Virtuous*? How like *Angels* might we be? & whence dost thou
 (Thou thrice accursed *Mineral*!) but for *that* & whence dost thou
 VVhile we are *Infants* we but with thee *play*; & whence dost thou
 Nor care to *keep*, but rather *throw away*; & whence dost thou
 Ah! VVhy (or do we older grow in *vaine*)? & whence dost thou
 Don't we in *Age* that *Quality* retain? & whence dost thou
 VVhy shou'd our first *Five Years* be *wiser* *faine*? & whence dost thou
 Than all our following, *riper Moments* are? & whence dost thou
 Much are we tempted by the *Female* *Fate*; & whence dost thou
 A *Thousand* ways they bring us to *disgrace*; & whence dost thou
 But *Gold's* the *great* *Debaucher* of our *Race*! & whence dost thou
Lovers and *Fools*, perhaps, wou'd come by *kind*; & whence dost thou
 But among *Men* one *Villain* you'd not find; & whence dost thou
 That *Tempter* silent, our *quick-hoisted* *Sail*; & whence dost thou
 Is always spread to take the *smiling* *Gale*; & whence dost thou
 Not once considering there in that may be; & whence dost thou
 More *Rocks* and *Shelvers* and *Sands* than in the *Sea*; & whence dost thou
Gold to *Deaths* *Palace* leads the *steepy* way; & whence dost thou
 Once in the *Path* we have no *Power* to *stay*; & whence dost thou
 It blinds our *Eyes*, nor one *safe* *step* assures; & whence dost thou
 And has a *Key* to all his *Thousand* *Doors*; & whence dost thou
 When shou'd we hear of *Treachery* in *Wars*? & whence dost thou
 But for *thee*, *thee*, thou *greater* *Mischief* *far*? & whence dost thou
 What *Countries* has the *Gallick* *Monarch's* *Gold*? & whence dost thou
 Poorly and basely, *basely*, *bought* and *Sold*? & whence dost thou

No Persons for his Country Friends are known
 But Spotted *Traitors* that would sell their own:
True Glory he, yet never had in Chase,
 But owes his *Honour* (what can be more base?
 Ev'n to the *Refuse* of all *Human Race*.
 Why shou'd we talk so hard of *Machiavel*
 (As if he had equal'd the *Prime Fiend* of Hell)
 And pass by *Maxim* and *Richies*'s Name,
 No less than him deserving endless blame:
Justice, *Injustice* were by turns carest,
 Just as they serv'd their *Tyrants* Interest;
 Tho' the *blest Pledge* of *Publick Faith* had pass'd,
 The *League*, if not convenient, must not last:
 Not done ith' dark, the World proclaim'd the shame?
 And taught from hence (their freedom who can blame?
 Ev'n *Infidels* reproach the *Blessed Name*:
 Doubt a *Turk's Faith*, he'l this reply afford;
Am I a Christian Dog to break my Word?
 These two *Achitophels* are justly curst,
 And shou'd have had the *Fate*, too, of the first.
 Their *Politicks* does still his *Councils* Rule,
 To these two *fatal Names* he went to School,
 And such successful, wicked Progress made,
 He does transcend the *Teachers* in their Trade.
 His treach'rous *Gold* he deals by *Sea*, by *Land*,
Bribery's the *Base* on which his *Fame* does Stand,
 Take that away he falls, while every Eye
 Sees 'twas not *Courage* made him soar so high!
 That no true *Conduct* the *Crown'd Atheist* reard,
 But his *Suborning* of the *Foes* he fear'd.
Flagitious Villains! that for *Foreign Pay*
 Their *King* their *Country* and their *Friends* betray!
Villains! whom *Mercy's Self* wou'd blush to save,
 Or, tho' 'twere under *Tyburn*, grant a Grave,
 For whom all *Curses past* and all to come
 Here and in *Hell* is *Self's* too mild a Doom!
 Yet they shall boast their *Birth* and *high Descent*,
 Which is, if possible, more *Impudent*:

Tis

'Tis true, we own, as to their *Station* here,
Some of 'em move in an *Illustrious Sphere*;
(*Illustrious*, if they wou'd continue there :)
But as no Man is *Base-born* that is *Good*,
So *Peers* may be *Plebeians* understood,
For *Virtue* 'twas that first distinguish'd *Blood*;
He that betrays his *Country*, tho' the *first*
In *Pow'r*, is, in degree of *Vice*, the *worst* :
If he, then, that's most *Virtuous* is most *Base*,
Why shou'd a *Villain* talk of *Noble Race* ?
If by *brave Deeds* our *Fathers* got a *Name*,
Have we by *Ill* the same *Pretence* to *Fame* ?
Ah ! no———*their Glory*, but decrys *our Shame*.
These are the *Tools* the *Treant* does seduce,
No *Devil* half so proper for his *Use*.
So *Philip*, when he with the *Gracians* strove,
Did by the same *Machine* his *Actions* move ;
Cities he sack'd, and did much more perform
By that, than his whole *Army* could by *Storm*.
But *Infamous* his *Memory* is compar'd
With his *great Son*, who made his *Sword* his *Guard*,
In *Person* fought, the conquer'd *East* o'er ran ;
Tho' not *Heav'n-born*, if *Blood* by *Blood* we scan,
Not *Philip*, *Sire*, but some more *God-like Man* :
Of his *reputed Father's Acts* asham'd,
Begot that *Saying*, yet so justly fam'd ;
(To which his *Life* so clearly did agree,)
Advis'd, by *Night*, to fight the *Enemy*,
He cry'd———*He wou'd not steal a Victory* :
Tho' then he for the *Mightiest Empire* fought,
So, as he *greatly spoke*, 'twas *bravely fought*.
Gold he despis'd, or us'd as *Glory* bid,
And made if the *Reward* of those that did
Great things ; the *Man of Merit* lay not hid.
So in the *Age to come*, when *William's Name*
And haughty *Louis* are declar'd by *Fame*,
The *first* shall stand with such *Illustrious Braves*
We nam'd before, the *last* with *Treacherous Slaves* ;

Whom

Whom here the *Muse* the rather does impeach,
 To show no Crime beyond a *Satyr* reach.
 Yet, tho' he bribes so high, it has its rise
 To that low sordid Crime of *Avarice*;
 For if he part with a *Substantial Sum*,
 'Tis but a *Penny* gone for *Pounds* to come.
 Well may to *Covet* (as *Prescription* sings)
 Be the curst Root from whence all *Evil Springs*,
 When that *Plebeian Vice* can mount to *Kings*.

But these, curst *Mineral*, are not half the ills
 That down from *This* on Wretched Man distils.
 Thou art not only cause of *Publick* harm,
 But dost in *Private* hold as loose a Reins
 All *Dealing* is thy own; cheat that cheat can,
 Is thy great *Maxim* between Man and Man.
 Some are thy *Sworn* and some thy *daily Slaves*,
 Women and *Thee* make all *Men* *Tools* and *Knaves*.
 Man is so pliant to thy *forming Hand*,
 He runs into all *Moulds*, at thy *Command*.
 Takes all *Impressions*, and is prov'd, by *Thee*,
 The constant *Drudge* of *Inconstancy*.
 'Tis *thou* that dost this *Proteus* unbind
 From what h'has *Sworn*, and what he has *design'd*,
 And mak'st him vary *Colour*, *Shape* and *Mind*.
 Now in *Trunk-Breeches*, next in *Pantaloon*,
 Now prays with *Priests*, then *Curses* with *Dragons*.
 In the same *Breath*, 'tis *bliss* and 'tis *Zeus*,
 Influenc'd by *Thee*, we trust not one another,
 Or if we do, w'are cheated by a *Brother*.
 Neighbour on Neighbour thou like *Dogs* dost set,
 And mak'st 'em *fester* keep the *Hold* they get.
 We first grieve at another's *Happiness*,
 And the next *Step* we strive to make it *less*.
 Or what he *has*, wou'd *wrongfully* possess.
 Every from *thee* draws out her *sharpest Stings*,
 By *thee* encourag'd, she her *Arrow* flings.
 Alike, *Promiscuously*, at *Slaves* and *Kings*.

The very *Altar* can't secure the *Hand*
 On which she'll fix her *Stigmatizing Brand*;
 Traduces them, does their just *Income* grutch;
 Prays they may *starve*; to her (her *Nature's* such)
 To *God* that gave all, *one in Ten's* too much:
 Not but 'tis wish'd those *Tenbs* were better us'd,
 More duly paid, and, taken, less abus'd.

'Tis thou that dost the *Fashion-Monger* guide,
 And art the sweetest Nourishment of *Pride*;
 'Tis thou dost spread her like a *Peacock's Tail*,
 And breach the *Blast* that fills the gawdy *Sail*;
 In *Women* thou dost, chiefly, make her *Reign*,
 And *Female Fops*, if possible, more vain.
Head-Tires like *Turbans*, now, our *Ladies* wear,
 False *Hearts*, false *Shapes*, false *Honour* and false *Hair*;
 Against *th'old VWoman's Stemple-Flat* they cry,
 Yet, with slight *Gauzes*, dress three times as high;
 The good *VVives Crow* was not made in vain,
 The *Other's* *bons'd* with the first drop of *Rain*;
 Close to her *Tail* th' *Obsequious Coxcomb* goes,
 And licks his *Lips* with pleasing of his *Nostril*;
VWhere-e're she comes, so loose a *Train* she brings,
 Tho' *Men* by *Name*, you'd swear they're *other things*;
 Just so attended the *proud Bitch* does pass
 The *Streets*, *Troy*, *Ring-road*, *Jowler* at her *Arse*.
 The *Changes* of their *Minds* we may admire,
 But can they vary more than their *Attire*?
 You'll say this is *false Doctrine* I maintain,
VWomen may plead *Prescription* to be vain;
 To clear their *Guilt*, that *Plea* will never do,
 For then all *Fops* might plead *Prescription* too.
 But you, perhaps, are *brib'd* to take their *Part*,
 And cry, no *Pride's* a *Sin*, but *Pride of Heart*;
 And therefore, since no *Opticks* can pretend
 Into those deep *Recesses* to descend,
 We know not who is *Proud*——you err again
 No other *Crime* can be *deserv'd* so plain

VVho

VWho does not see *Pride* in our Nature bred,
 VWhen what we ought to *Honour* we *despise*;
 The *Parents* that did press us to the *Breast*
 Must not appear, if they are *meanly* dress'd,
 Or if they do, their *Vizits* must be *brief*,
 As if they *lost* their *Senses* with their *Teeth*,
 Some drive 'em from their *Doors* (*unnatural Race*)
 And wonder they'll come there to their *Disgrace*.
 'Tis true, this only is of *Upstarts* said,
 The *better Sort*, you'll say, are *better* bred;
 But mark if in their *Conduct* you can find
 One Thought that's to *Humility* inclin'd:
 Their nearest *Kin*, reduc'd to *Poverty*,
 They *loath* to hear of, and they *blush* to see.
 Observe the *Fop* that is just come to Age,
 (His Mother dead that brought the *Heritage*)
 See in a *Storm*, when he does *Coach* the *Streets*,
 And his old Father *overtakes*, or *meets*,
 Dropping all o'er, and soak'd thro' to the *Skin*,
 Mark if the Villain stops to take him in.
 In short, Men of *Esstate*, and *Noble Blood*,
 By consequence, are rather *Proud* than *Good*:
Pride's Fountain-Head we may from *Money* bring
 As nat'rally as *Water* from the *Spring*;
 VWhether 'tis in the *Heart*, or in the *Dress*,
 More *Money* makes it *more*, but never *less*:
 But when this *Vice* does on *poor Gentry* fall,
 'Tis then the *most Ridiculous* of all;
 For he that's *Thread-bare*, and that's *bare of Pence*,
 If to *Nobility* he makes *Pretence*,
 VVe may conclude to be as *bare of Sense*.

VWith *Pride* thou giv'st Birth to her *gripping Train*,
 To all that is *affected*, all that's *Pain*;
Vanity (who one whole Sex devours)
 Stands waiting at her *Elbow* at all Hours,
 Just as, they say, the *Devil* does at *Ours*;

And

And Affliction takes her very Train,
 VWhen one appears, the Other's still in Pain:
 So the Band waits at the great Street's Main Door,
 And so attended with her Brace of Whores:
 For the vain Nymph, and the afflicted Dame,
 If not so yet, will quickly be the same.
 In Coach and Chair they whirl it up and down,
 No Common Pleas, or Scurvy's better known,
 Not Hatton's Steel-chin'd Drab that tir'd the Town,
 And did more Surgeons in a year enrich,
 Than all the rest—the *Me plus ultra Bitch*!
 These Creatures are for ever on the Range;
 The Play-House, Park, Spring-Garden, Court, Exchange,
 Their daily Round, where, thro' whole years they run,
 They tire no more than when they first begun;
 Rather push faster onwards in the Race,
 As falling Stones, cou'd we suppose a Space
 So deep, wou'd near the Centre mend their Pace:
 Chai'ring, Dancing, Singing, each her Part
 Runs wildly o'er, without Wit, Head, or Art;
 And if a Coxcomb, Pert, and Vain, and Dull,
 Does joyn their Train, he makes the Concern fall:
 Not Gazing Gossips at a Christning Feast,
 VWhen Maier Mid-night drops a Bawdy Jest,
 (Of all the VWomen, still the greatest Beast)
 Can make that Unintelligible Din
 As these abound with when their Hands are in.
 In Dress, in Language, Converse, Shape and Mien
 Are Vanity and Affliction seen:
 - Nothing so hard, of all ill things, to hide
 As these Appendixes and Rags of Pride.
 Yet, who can think their selves so free from Guilt
 As the vain Coxcomb and afflicted Wilt?
 In vain we wou'd convert 'em with our Rage,
 They're best convinc'd by Beggary and Age,
 Both be their Lot, for who wou'd Pity have
 On a fine selfish Drab, or Selfish Slave?
 False glaring Fires! but rais'd (O Gold!) frome thine,
 Thy Brightness makes these Exaltations shine.

Ev'n *Contradictions* take from thee their *Discordance*;
 As *Prodigality* and *Avarice*;
 Nor dost thou only but in *Thee* agree,
 Thou art the *Sire* of *Sloth* and *Industry*;
 Not of that *Industry*, by which the *Sovereign*,
 With *Swear* and *Tail*, does earn an *honest* *Gain*;
 (O *Industry*! thou Child of true *Courage*,
 Who'd not be *Nasty* as he *Innocent*?)
 But that which makes the *Merchant* cross the *Main*,
 The *Lawyer* any *Villain's* *Cause* maintain,
 Those *Indefatigable* *Sleaves* of *Gain*;
 Who would'st not be the *Labourer*, nam'd before,
 Than these with an *Ill* *Conscience*, and their *Stare*;
 But, as the Man that's *Civil* ne'er will hit
 The *lucky* *Vain* that constitutes a *Wit*;
 So he that's *Honest*, cannot *Wealthy* grow
 By the bare *Method* of *Continuing* so;
 Whatever, then, the *thriving* *Cur* may say,
 All *great* *Estates* are got another way;
 O *Honesty*! thou lasting *Peace* of *Mind*,
 Thou *Radiant* *Jewel* which but few will find!
 All over bright thou li'st to charm the *Eye*,
 But (wretched Men!) we *wish* and *pass* thee by!
 Give me but that, ye *Pow'rs*, I ask no more,
 To *Muck-Worms* leave the *Riches* they adore;
 No surer *Guard* I'll e'er desire to keep
 Me safe, nor softer *Opium* for my *Sleep*;
 Serene my *Hours*, like them my *Conscience*, free,
 Which no rich prosperous *Villain* e'er can be,
 No griping, scraping, hard, assiduous *Slave*,
 No *wealthy* *Fool*, or over-reaching *Knav*,
 Tho' he is lighted by the *Sun* of *Pleasure*,
 And can by *Basking* on his *Bank* of *Terrace*.

But, as this *faulty* *Industry* takes *Growth*
 From thee, no less doth *Laziness* and *Sloth*;
 If by our *Servants* *Labour* we can shun
 The thought of *Care*, we hold our *Work* is done;

Not thinking, while we doze away our *Hours*,
 The more their *Business*, so, the more is *Ours*;
 Their *Labour* does our *Laziness* reproach;
 Our *Laziness* their *Labour* does debauch.
 Who'd think, at ten a *Click* it shou'd be said
 That the great *Lady's* sitting in her *Bed*;
 When, to repair the *frankle Drows*,
 That twelve hours *heavy Sleep* has took away,
 Dish after Dish, for *Chocolate* she calls,
 (She must be often *rais'd* that often *falls*.)
 That strong-back'd *Liquor* keeps her in the *Chair*,
 No other *Nectar* they allow *Diet*.
Fain Sex! at once both *Foolish* and *Unjust*,
 To think they need *Provocatives* to *Last*,
 Were all their *Lives* to be one *Nuptial Night*,
 Their *Stock* wou'd never be *exhausted* quite;
 Then, on their *Natural Fund* they might rely,
 And not so lavishly take in *Supply*.
 Name but a *Kitchen* to the *Lady's* fair,
 She cries, O filthy! What shou'd I do there?
 Not thinking that the *more* she *knows*, the *less*,
 By consequence, she's blam'd for *Foolishness*.
 Her *Offices* she never comes into,
 Or scarce knows *one* from *'tother*, if she do;
 Full of *themselves*, they nothing else can see;
 Tho' *Masters*, yet their *Pocket-Glass* shall be
 Look'd into oftner than their *Nursery*.
 Mark, in this *Town*, if there's not many a one
 That hugs her *Mum* oftner than her *Son*,
 (And, faith, we scarce know which is most her *own*:
 'Tis that she *cheers* and *fuddles* all we can,
 And loves the *nearest* *Prize* of it in *Man*:
 The vilest *Fop*, whom *Nature* did create
 For nothing but to *Cringe*, to *Grin* and *Prate*,
 Fraught with more *Fashion*, *Nonsense*, *Lies*, *Grimace*,
 Than e're before were crowded in *Ass*;
 Let him appear, th'unnatural *Brute's* receiv'd,
 Nor only *Love'd*, but, which is worse, *Bellov'd*!

Yet *Sloth's* not only to that *Sex* confin'd,
 But has a large Dominion in *Mankind*.
 Wou'd not that *Noble Coxcomb* raise our *Mirth*,
 That thinks his *Laziness* declares his *Birth*,
 Joyn'd with a Resolution, ne're to get
 Out of a Mercenary Rascal's *Debt*?
 Of all the *Blockheads* that debase their *Kind*,
 No Wretch more *Vile* and *Scandalous* we find,
 Than he, that for *Respect* and *Honour* looks,
 Yet over *Head and Bars* in *Trades-Men's Books*:
 (Not that we shou'd despise the Man that's poor;
 But these look bigger, as their *Wants* grow more
 If *Quality* can stoop so very low,
 What is't it may not condescend to do?
 Dissolv'd in Idleness, he grows a *Drom*,
 And neither *Eats*, on *Drinks*, or wears his *own*,
 But sponges on the *Labours* of the *Poor*,
 Who, trusting *Them*, make but their *Wants* the more,
 Their *Servants Wages*, if they ever pay,
 I warn the lucky *Wretch* to make no *Stay*,
 Let him go off with *Money*, while he may;
 For *Quality* has long the *Trick* profess'd,
 To bilk the yearly *Hireling* with the *rest*.
 A Man that's doom'd to serve so loose a *Knave*,
 Is sunk down ten *Degrees* beneath a *Slave*:
 And who his *Life* wou'd in that *Drudgery* spend,
 When, shou'd he hang himself, his *Case* wou'd mend?
 In short, to *Cheat*, and to be *Impudent*,
 When *Duns* appear, is the last *Element*,
 (And by meer *Choice* it so it self involves)
 To which *Decaying Quality* resolves.
 The lesser *Gentry*, rather that *Abroad*
 Venture to serve their *Princes*, infest the *Road*:
 But a *Thiev's* *Valour* no true *Praise* deserves,
 For any *Coward* rather *Fights* than *Starves*.
 'Tis not that *Providence*, as *Atheists* feign,
 Has made more *Creatures* than it can maintain;
 All Men may thrive, at least, thus far you'll grant,
 By just *Endeavours* rise above their *Want*.

Who

Who did you ever yet in *Towers* see,
That did exert his utmost *Industry*;
For no Man *Fortune* does so far forsake,
But he may sometimes *grow*, as well as *wake*.
But 'tis meer *Sleath*, incorporate with his *Blood*,
And *Pride*, that says 'tis *flavish* to be *Good*,
That it betrays a *Bast*, a *Vulgar Mind*,
To seek by *Industry* their *Bread* to find;
As if 'twere *Great* to prey upon their *Kind*,
As if the *Wolf* were ere the better *Beast*,
Because more *Bold* and *Rash* than the rest,
And on the *Blood* of *Humanity* will Feast.

From these the *Moss* with *Detestation* flies,
And streight, what more the *lousies*, the *Spend-shrift* spies;
Preposterous *Fop*! that thinks it an *Abuse*
To put his *Money* to the *Genuine Use*,
As if no *Gentleman*, if not *Profligate*.
See how he deals it out as he comes on,
And with both *Hands* too, as 'twould ne're be gone!
You'd swear he *study'd*, or he *understood*
How to live all his *Life*, and do no *Good*.
A *Guinea* she that gives his *Last Relief*
Bears off, a *Guinea* he that cleans his *Teeth*,
A *Guinea* he that brings him a *Lampoon*,
To *Peaceable* a *Guinea* for a *Tune*;
A *Guinea*, where he *Dines*, among the *Men*,
The *Dedication* of a *Play* is *Ten*,
His *Peruke* five, and his *Point Ruffles* four,
His *Beaver* three, his *Lac'd Coat* fifteen more,
And then *Five hundred* to his *Annual Whore*:
Besides his *Coach*, his *Horse*, and his *Slaves*,
His *Parasites*, his *Primps* and *Flourish'd Brags*,
Must be conceiv'd to wait a *Country Sum*;
From what vast *Bank* can all this *Treasure* come?
What *English Land*, or *Indian Mine* can last,
When the vain *Animal* does spend so fast?
Rich, tho' he be, when to that *Vice inclin'd*,
He *Blazes* like a *Candle* in the *Wind*, And

And, gratifying all his *loose Desires*,
 Is melted down, and in a *Smuff* expires:
 Tho' *Wealth* and *Power* does in his *Fan* appear,
Want and a *Jail* does still bring up the *Rear*;
 A *Jail* is the *Inevitable Lot*
 Of an *Extravagant* and *heedless Son*,
 Shook by a thousand *Debts*, the *Prodigal*
 Does, in effect, like the *Colossus* fall;
 Too ponderous to lift up, like that, he lies,
 And as unable, of himself, to rise.

Thus, that this *Pile* proceeds from *Gold* we see,
 For without that, no *Prodigality*.
 That *Avarice* from that, too, takes its *Birth*;
 Is true, as that the *Churl* has his from *Earth*:
 But this *Notorious Crime* it were a *Shame*
 To offer to *Cowards*, or to *Reclams*;
 Nor was it here to lash it our *Intent*,
 'Tis to it *self* a *sharper Punishment*.
 What *Plagues* upon a *Miser* can you throw,
 Worse than that *One* of his *Continuing* so?
 May then these *Slaves* (by *Contradiction* ill)
Gripe, *scrape*, be close and *Avaritious* still,
 Gaze on his *Gold*, think that his *only Good*,
 And so be *damn'd* for grutching himself *Food*.

But as the *Wretch* is *Covetous* that *hoards*,
 So some are *Covetous* to spread their *Boards*;
 By *Power* supported (*Rapine* their *Delight*)
 They set no *Bounds* to their wild *Appetite*;
 What're they *Covet* they think *lawful Prize*,
 So *Lawless* the *Labourer's Substance* seize,
 And all to dwell in *Wantonness* and *Ease*:
 The *needy Churl* we may, almost, excuse,
 But these are *Covetous* to be *Profligate*.
 What a strange *Madness* does these *Fools* betray?
 That *rake* together just to *throw away*,
 And give that *Wings* that we're was know to *fly*.

The former errs in knowing not the Use;
 This in the Getting, then in the Abuse:
 Haughty, yet condescends to crush the Poor,
 To cram his Belly, and to pay his Whore.

Thus *Luxury's* maintain'd by *Avarice*;
 But then another sort, as bad as this,
 Has from *Hereditary Wealth* its Rise:
 Extant in them who in their *Bills of Fare*
 Summon, at once, the *Earth*, the *Sea*, the *Air*:
 The *Elements* must all their *Bounties* show,
 As if not what they gave, but what they owe,
 And must pay in when they will have it so.
 The want e'vn of a *Trifle's* not endur'd,
 Tho' by th'extremest *Art* and *Charge* procur'd.
 Nature is forc'd, as if most good they find
 In *Fruits* and *Plants* before they're ripe, by kind.
 Not a more num'rous *Army* *Xerxes* led,
 Than these, by Name, have *Dishes* to be fed:
 More barbarous *Terms* we now in *Cookery* see,
 Than in that barb'rou *Mystery* *Heraldry*;
 And as those *Terms* distinguish *Gentry* there,
 So *Fricasies*, *Ragousts* and *Soups* do here—
 And both, alike, their *Wit* and *Worth* declare.
 That *God* made all for *Man* we all agree,
 But then 'twas for his *Use*, not *Luxury*;
 He did not open his unbounded *Store*,
 Only to feast the *Rich*, and starve the *Poor*;
 Tho' now they *Lord* it o'er the meaner *Sort*,
 And make their *Labours* and their *Wants* their Sport;
 Voluptuously, all Nature's *Rarities*,
 (As if by *Charter* theirs) *Monopolize*:
 Yet, tho' they've all, they think they're treated rough,
 And, like the *Barren Womb*, ne're say—Enough.
 What a sad *Sentence* on these *Men* will fall
 At the last dreadful *Trump*, the general *Call*?
 When, notwithstanding all their *Wealth* and *Power*,
 They murmur'd more, the more they did devour:

Tho

Tho' Heav'n sent *Quails*, and tho' it *Manna* rain'd,
 They, like the stubborn *Isaiahs*, complain'd;
 The more its *Miracles* appeal'd to sense,
 The less they'd be convinc'd of *Providence*;
 While the poor *Man*, which (if we may presume
 So far) must strangely aggravate their *Doom*,
 While he, resign'd, by his just *Labour* fed,
 Liv'd pleas'd and thankful upon *Scraps of Bread*.

O *Poverty*! thou only Blessing, sent
 From Heav'n, if thou'rt attended with *Content*;
 She on that *Hand*, and *Humble* on this,
 And thou art, then the greatest *Human Bliss*:
 Not *Cesar*, *Lepidus*, and *Antony*,
 Did make so famous a *Trimouris*.
 As you, O you much more illustrious *Three*!
Wealth has no *Centre*, endlessly aspires,
 Yet ne'er can reach the *Height* it so admires,
 As there to pitch and fix her *Wild Desire*:
 But *Poverty* close to the Ground does go,
 And hugs the *Fate* that lets her walk so low;
 No fall the fears, contented to be just,
 She sinks beneath *Ambition*, *Rage* and *Lust*:
 Envy her self, that takes the surest *Aim*,
 Cares not for stooping to such prostrate *Guilt*.
 So Storms on Mountains the tall *Cedar* tears
 Up by the *Roots*, the humble *Shrub* it spares.
 O *Blessed State*! which *God* was pleas'd to bear
 While, in the *Flesh*, he sojourn'd with us here;
 He knew thy lovely *Dress* wou'd best agree
 With *Peace*, with *Truth*, and with *Humility*:
 Thy *Badge*, too, all his mighty *Followers* bore,
 And wou'd be what their *Saviour* was before;
 What Wretch, then, wou'd Repine that he is *Poor*?

Bounded by *Thee*, we've no desire to ly
 On Beds of *Down*, or *Offets* to buy,
 Which, rightly took, is but *Lay-Simony*;

'Tis to that common Clergy-Crime a *Brake*,
 And one is punish'd now no more than *rather*.
 He that has *Money* can't *Perferment* want ;
 Let him be *Coward*, *Atheist*, *Ignorant*,
 He streight grows *Wise*, a *Hero*, and a *Saint*.
 As once 'twas said, *knock*, it shall open'd be,
 Seek you shall find——so in this World, we see,
 And most at *Court*, when e're the *Penny's* shown,
 The *Heav'n* of bought *Perferment* is your own.
 Some, *Places* buy, because they'l *Careers* grow,
 And some, again, because they *must* be so,
 Above the fear of *Paying* what they *ow* ;
 There they, secure, as in *Assatia*, rest,
Assatia, of the two *Retreats* the best ;
 There you, unearh the *Fox*, *Relief* may have ;
 But here there is no reaching of a *Knave* :
 And while they, thus, a sure *Protection* find,
 They are but *Authoriz'd* to cheat *Mankind* :
 A *Villain* that will use this *Privilege*,
 Cuts like a *Sword* that has a *double Edge* ;
 May *arrest* you, yet fear not an *Arrest*,
 Always *oppressing*, not to be *oppress'd* :
 Thus, ow a *World*, 'tis this way even made,
 Get but a *Place* at *Court*, your *Debts* are paid :
 'Tis hence the vilest *Offices* are bought,
 They fall not half so fast as they are sought.
 Five hundred *Guinea's* (saith the *Bargain's* hard)
 Only to *Cock* a *Idol*, and mount the *Guard* :
 Fantastick *Ape* ! that struts in *Scarlet* Cloaths,
 And has of *Souldier*, nothing but the *Oaths*.
 Little his *Father* thought (who had been long
 Getting the *Sum*, and from his *Tenants* wrung
 It half by *Indirection*) that his *Soul*
 Was pawn'd, to make his *Eldest-Born* a *Fool*.
 What *Man* can think that *Money* justly gain'd,
 By which a *Villain's* *Vanity's* maintain'd ?
 'Tis true, the *Wars* (which don't their *Natures* suit)
 Has shook, perhaps, these *Lockets* from the *Front* ;

But who that, lately, wou'd *find out* survey,
 Did not see many a Concomb that took Pay,
 Only to ride a Cock-horse on *May-Day*;
 His *Credit* just for *Rabble-Praise* to sell,
 And bowing to the *Ladies* in *Pol-Moll*;
 While prancing on, and straining to look fierce,
 And his fine *Scarf* hung dangling at his *Arse*,
 The whole Town was diverted with the *Farce*.
 In vain the honest Man is *Brave*, or *Wise*,
 When any *Man of Pop* so soon may rise;
 If but a *Scavenger* does tender *Gold*,
 The Man of *Birth* and *Worth* is bought and sold:
 For he that can no better *Merrit* bring
 Than Loving of his *Country*, or his *King*,
 May e'en go whistle for *Advancement* there;
 His Lung's too fine to breathe in such an *Air*.
 In short, all things are bought; Buying's so rise,
 Fools *Knightshood* buy, the Murderer buys his *Life*,
 And, which is worse, ev'n *Grandes* bought his *Wife*;
 A thousand *Gained's* down and down were told,
 Before the *Pander* did produce the *Scold*:
 But, if to *have her*, the preposterous *Sat*
 Cou'd let so large a *Parcel* go to *Poe*,
 What wou'd he *give* that, now, he *had her* not?

Enough of *Buying* between *Fool* and *Rogue*:
 But *Begging* is, at *Court*, as much in *Vogue*,
 And 'tis a sort of *Begging* baser far,
 Than all the vilest ways of *Brilery* are.
 The *Natural Fool* that has a *Great Estate*,
 Is, to the *Courtier*, grown a *luscious Bait*:
 But if *Estates* are *forfeist* by the *Laws*,
 When *Fools* are *Heirs* (tho' *Fools* by *Natural Cause*)
 Half of the *Gentry* must their *Land* resign,
 For why is *theirs* more priviledg'd than *thine*?
 In short, wou'd not a near *Relation's* Care
 Cherish the *Idiot*, the *Soft-moulded Heir*,

More tenderly than any thread-bare Lord,
 Of all the *Hundred* fill'd upon Record;
 Profit makes one take Care, and Nature 'tother;
 What Love is like the Turnings of a Mother?
 Unhappinefs enough she knew that loss
 So sad a Weight, but this does make it more:
 Depriv'd of all that Mothers make their Beast;
 Because she lost her Hope, must all be lost:
 Why shou'd such senseless Cruelty be shown?
 Why punish'd for an Error not her own?
 'Twas Nature's Crime, who sometimes is in haste,
 For when a Fool is form'd she works too fast,
 And letting but the grosser Substances pass,
 Shuts out the Mind, that shou'd inform the Mass:
 At the next Tryal, she her Bungling mends,
 And thither too, of Right, th' Estate descends:
 The Birth-Right Esau's Folly did refuse;
 What he deserv'd not, Jacob did not lose.
 But if 'tis fit, Fools shou'd be begg'd at all,
 Of all Sorts, we shou'd spare the Natural;
 The acquir'd Coxcomb shou'd the Person be,
 That's so of Choice, not of Necessity:
 This way some equal Justice might be shown,
 For those that beg Estates might lose their own.
 Must a whole Lineage perish, undeserv'd,
 Because without their Lands a Fop had starv'd?
 Whatever made this Custom first prevail,
 Morality still told another Tale;
 For, let us fairly ask, is it to do,
 What you wou'd have yor Issue done unto?
 Nor is it only Fools that suffer hence,
 Th' Affliction falls too oft on Men of Sense;
 Thou——do'st of this th' Example stand,
 Thy Case is known and pity'd thro' the Land.

With these Court-Beggars, we may fitly joyn
 The Slaves in Office that Collect their Coin:
 Tell me (O Stewards !) that do all you can
 When you are Dealing with the Labouring Man,

With

With *Plausible Discourse* and *Artifice*,
 To *ferre* him up to the *extremest Price*;
 Making him *give* (if he don't understand
 Your Craft) as much for *Coppy-hold* as *Land*;
 Yet, after all, there comes thy *Lady's Fee*,
Five Guinea's——(which, perhaps, she ne're does see)
 Because y've us'd him well, *five more to Thee*;
 Tell me behind what *Shift* thou canst retreat,
 T'avoid the the *Imputation* of a *Cheat*;
 Perhaps, you may this dull *Reply* afford,
 Thou dost it for the *Interest* of thy *Lord*;
 The worse, that can a *Villains Name* obtain,
 Without the least *Incouragement* of *Gain*,
 It shows thy *Guilt* does in thy *Nature* grow,
 And that 'tis not by *Chance*, but *Choice*, y'are so.
 But tho' *their Interest* you pretend, 'tis known,
 By *Proofs* *Infallible*, you mean your *Own*.
 How can you spend so *fast*, and live so *high*,
New Houses build, and *New Possessions buy*,
 And get some *Hundred Pounds*, *per Annum*, clear,
 Out of, at most, but *Fifty Pounds a Year*;
 Yet, tho' so *bad*, we justly may allow
 The Man that does protect thee *worse than Thou*,
 Who, tho' he's sure thou art a *Knave*, employs
 The still, and so *whole Families* destroys.

But that which grieves me more, is, when I see
 A *Lawyer* made a *Steward*, or *Trustee*;
Cormorants, that neither *Lord* or *Tenant* spare,
 But *Banter* one, and *strip* the other bare:
 An *Honest Lawyer* wou'd a *Monster* be,
 But who, alive, e're saw that *Prodigy*.
 As *Profligate*, a *brav'd* *Cave-har'd* *Race*,
 As ever yet had *Infamy* in *Chase*:
Knights of the Post, that *perjur'd Oaths* will take;
 As fast as *Pills*, much better *Christians* make,
 And have, without *Contrition*, more pretence,
 To *Heav'n* than these with all their *Penitence*;
 For *Ign'rance*, joyn'd with strong *Necessity*,
 Does sometimes *goad* men on to *Villany*;

'Tis certain when w^e are born we must be fed,
 And what won't *starving Rascals* do for Bread?
 But what can *those Men* urge in their Defence,
 That rowl in *Wealth*, and are indu'd with Sense?
 Yet *Lye, Deceive, Cheat, Ravage, Crush and Grind,*
 As if they'd sworn to ruine *Human-kind*,
 Just as the *Vulture, Tiger, Wolf and Bear,*
 By *Nature*, nothing in their *Fury* spare;
 So *he*, that does to study *Law* incline,
 By *Nature*, is as *Ravenous* after *Coin*;
 Only this *Difference* does between 'em light,
 Those better *Bruits* for *Hunger* kill and fight,
Destroy for *Need*, which he does for *Delight*:
 So Cruel, his own *Kinred* he'll not save;
 When Born, his Stars their sharpest Influence gave,
 And turn'd his *Constitution* to a *Knave*.
Knavery's his *Life*, his *Soul*, his utmost *Sphere*;
 But *Virtue* makes him gape like *Fish in Air*,
 That pure thin *Element* he cannot bear.
 Ah Wretch! that so can to be *Rich* presume,
 Yet think not on the *Rich Man's* dreadful *Doom*!

Happy that glorious Man, thrice happy he,
 That, tho' posselt of *Riches*, yet, can be
 From all the Crimes that it produces free;
 Who, Spight of that *Temptation* to be ill,
 Can his *Disires* and *Wealth* command at will;
 What God design'd his *Servants*, manage so,
 As ne're to let it his proud *Master* grow;
 Ungovern'd, then, as *Water*, or as *Fire*,
 Who, tho' for *Servants* we so much admire,
 Yet ruin all when they to *rule* aspire;
 That does the *Genuine Use* of *Money* know,
 And, serv'd himself, the *Surplus* can bestow;
 That does believe *Compassion* of the *Poor*,
 A truer *Key* to Heaven's *Eternal Door*,
 Than all the *Merits* of his *Birth* and *Store*;

That

That does with *Virtue, Peace and Truth* comply;
 The Centre of his *Allians, Charity,*
 The *Cammel* then goes thro' the *Needle's Eye* !
 But where ? O where ! (and search the *Land* around)
 Can *Ten* of these *enlighten'd Souls* be found ?
 Cou'd *Ten* be found, they wou'd atone our *Crimes,*
 And, by their *Blest Example,* fix the *Times,*
 Keep all *Calamities* from entering here,
Plague, Famine, Sword, and Fire we need not fear;
 Our *Sodom* had not burn'd, had ten such *Lads* been there,
 Nor, first, with *Plague,* call'd to repent her *Sin* ;
 But when is her *Conversion* to begin ?
 The only Fear of all, methinks, thou'd be,
 When such *Transcendency of Soul* we see,
 We shou'd fall back to star *Idolatry* ;
 In them the *Image of the Power Divine*
 Does with so perfect a *Resemblance Shine,*
 That, tho' no *Gods,* they're scarce of *Human-Line* !

Instead of these, a *Brutal Race* we see,
 Compos'd of *Pride, of Spite and Cruelty* :
 The *Poor* (their kinder *Dogs* will lick their *Sores*)
 Like *Lazarus,* are driven from their *Doors* ;
 Their *needy Neighbours* made *eternal Slaves,*
 At least, they have no *Ease,* but in their *Graves,*
 That silent, kind *Retreat* from *Fools and Knaves* :
 Not *Busby's* more despotick in his *School,*
 Than these are in the *Villages* they *Rule.*
 The *Sat'rist* may th' *Abuse* of *Riches* mourn,
 Or blame th' *Abuser,* but he meets with *Scorn,*
 For, streight they cry——*You like the Fox* *impeach,*
And but dispraise the Fruit you cannot reach :
Did you but know the Blessings of our Store,
You'd rather choose Damnation than be Poor :
The Rich Man rules *Assemblies* with a *Nod,*
His Steps are by a *Train of Followers* trod ;
Where e're he turns his Eyes, Respect he sees,
And bending Crowds salute him on their Knees ;

*The States-Man, Courtier, Souldier, Scholar joyne
 In their Esteem, and Bless the Man of Coin.
 While base, opprobrious Want does skulk and hide,
 Loath'd by her self, and shun'd by all beside;
 And then the Term of Idle to prevent,
 She calls her sneaking Poverty, Content.—
 Thus they run on, and that Scrappick State,
 Confer'd but on Heav'n's choicest Favourites, Hate;
 A State, did Angels live on Earth, they'd choose,
 A State, next to the Loss of Heav'n to lose,
 And only Man and Devils can abuse.
 But tell me, Sons of Earth, ye Sordid Crew,
 That wou'd deceive our Souls by specious Shew,
 And to your own, add our Destruction too;
 Tell me if Money from Perdition saves,
 Or keeps you e're the longer from your Graves?
 Can it preserve your Bodies (tho' your Bed
 Be Down, and tho' your Tomb be hoop'd with Lead)
 From Stinking Living, and from Rotting Dead?
 Can it the Charges of your Crimes defray?
 Or Bribe the Jury on the Judgement Day?
 Can it procure, in Pain, a Moments Ease?
 Make Pleasure last? or Disappointments please?
 Honour, you cry, and all her Blessings wait
 On his Command that has a large Estate:
 O fond Mistake! a thousand things he wants,
 Which God ev'n to the meanest Creature grants:
 Richer than Crassus, though the Muck-worm be,
 He may not have a Grain of Charity,
 Of Courage, Justice, Fortitude, of Truth,
 Of Sense, of Prudence, Beauty, or of Youth;
 And, last of all, that Blessed Peace of Mind
 May want in Death, which ev'n the poorest find.
 To all Temptation he lies open still;
 For he that has the Means ne'er wants the Will,
 So, almost, by Necessity is ill.
 To Women does your Inclination ly?
 This brings you in a numberless Supply—
 But Women are so cheap that all may buy:*

To *Villany*, or *Wine*, then, bend your *Mind*;
 To *Sins* of the most *Black*, or *Scarlet-Kind*,
 Gold is the readiest *Prompter* you can find;
 Dare you to act, your *Coe* you shall not miss,
 But down you go, tho' Hell the *Preceptice*:
 He is not, then, the *Favorite* of *Heav'n*;
 Where there is *much*, but where *enough* is giv'n.
 Of all the *several Fates* that *Mortal's* share,
 His is *most sad*, his is the *most severe*,
 That has (O *dreadful Doom*!) his *Portion* here;
 That in *this Life* does his *good things* receive,
 And whom, when dying, his *Enjoyments* leave:
 The *Pale-fac'd Tyrant's* Call he must obey,
 He dares not go, yet knows he must not stay,
 Nor bear the *Wealth*, he so admires, away;
 But, opening the *Inevitable Gate*,
 Hopeless of *Heav'n*, does shoot the *Gulph of Fate*.
 How dismal will the *flaming Prospect* shew,
 When *Hell*, and full *Damnation* come in view?
 In vain he'll, then, his *Crimes* and *Follies* mourn,
 The deeper plung'd for thinking of *Return*.
 Then will he feel, and feeling *Rue*, how vain
 He was, to *trust* in curst, *ill-gotten Gain*:
 These *Lines* (which we expect he'll laugh at here)
 Will then a *sad*, a *dreadful Truth* appear:
 Then he will wish (Ah wretched *Wish*! too late),
 He had *believ'd*, or *fear'd* a *future State*.

Why (O ye *Pow'rs*!) was *Man* so subject made,
 To be by *Gold*, that *glittering Toy*, betray'd?
 Or, as the *Fire* tries *that*, was *that* to be
 The *Test* and *Trial* of our *Honesty*?
 Or was it *gave* (that way our *Judgment* leans)
 To shew how *ill* we are when we have *Means*?
 Or was it, *meerly*, of *Compassion* sent,
 To mind us of that *future Punishment*
 Which it does so exactly *represent*?
 For as those *Souls* to *eternal Burning* doom'd,
 Are ever *undiminis'd*, *unconsum'd*.

That Substance, so, in Flames abides entire,
 And lies Immortal in the Arms of Fire;
 How e're it is, of this we may be sure,
 By Nature we've a thousand Crimes in Store
 And that subjects us to ten thousand more;
 Yes, cursed Mineral! Ever did, in the Fall,
 Thy Project of Damnation but fore-stall
 Against our Conscience you stem the Tide;
 In vain we've Truth and Reason on our side,
 When you assume the Chair, and grow our Guide:
 We know w're wicked, yet thou goad'st us on,
 As if our Mortal Race wou'd ne're be run.
 Injurious Truths you to the World reveal,
 And on black Faithhoods fix an endless Seal:
 The Tongue of horrid Murders thou hast ry'd,
 And Innocence for Guilt as oft decry'd:
 Oft has the Guiltless Wretch been Gibber-high,
 Seen swinging, and the Murderer smiling by.
 E'en a chaste Kiss has Scandal brought on some,
 While Buggery has met a milder Doom.
 Nothing was e're so wicked, Old or New,
 But thou hast done, or art prepar'd to do;
 Crimes that deserye more than for Friends was meant,
 And Hell can't equal in the Punishment.

For thee the Friend proves Faithless to his Truss,
 And Mother Bawds to their own Daughter's Lust;
 At twelve years Age, expose the Girl to sale,
 For at fifteen she will be found too stale:
 What in her riper Whoredoms will she be,
 When she does Pox with her Virginity?

For thee the needy Drab does stroll the Streets,
 And cling to any nasty Brui she meets,
 A Bulk her Bed, her dogg'd Tail her Sheets:
 To Cripples, Lepers, Moors she opens wide;
 'Tis certain (cou'd th' Experiment be try'd)
 A Dog with *Tiro Peter* would not be deny'd.

But, wisely, they let *talent* *lie* alone, in his own cell of life
Or fear the *Scandal*, living (as 'tis known) in *And* of it life
A nicer sort of *Bitches* of their own. O *talent* *lie* *alone* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*

For *thee* the *Husband* (to himself unjust) will *not* *leave* *the* *Wife*
Does wink at, or allow his *Spouse's* *Loss*; I *will* *not* *leave* *the* *Wife*
And, tho' he but enjoy'd her just before, *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
Can rise and open her *Gallant* the *Door*; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
Thus *Lucca*'d first, she's for the *Labor* eas'd, *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
As *Coach-Wheels* for a *Journey* still are *gras'd*. *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*

For *thee*, if by *hard* *Fate* he cannot *thrive*, *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
The *well-bred* *Wife* does her *poor* *Husband* leave; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
She thinks below her *Character* she goes, *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
And can't be *flam'd* in *unmodish* *Classes*; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
In vain her *Spouse* believ'd her *plighted* *Truth*; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
Her *Virgin* *Vows*, and *Sacred* *Marriage* *Oaths*; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
A *Tye* sufficient her *loose* *Faith* to *bind*; *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
Unless a *plentiful* *Maintenance* she *find*, *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*
Wedded to him, she's *Bedded* to *Mankind*. *the* *Wife* *is* *lost* *to* *him*

For *thee* the *Buffoon* is a *Foo* profess'd *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*
To all that's good, and *lives* and *dies* a *Beast*; *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*
Paid to make *Mirth*, he cannot *Wit* be *without* *the* *help* *of* *loose* *Scaviltry*, *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*
Of *Irreligion*, or of *Ribaldry*; *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*
Thus, not by *Wit*, but *Wickedness* possess'd, *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*
He does but *Damn* himself to *alleviate* his *Jest*. *at* *last* *in* *his* *own* *cell* *of* *life*

For *Thee* the *Cit* not only *Truth* denies;
But solemnly calls *God* to vouch his *Lies*:
His *Faith* and *Conscience* he does pawn so fast,
'Tis to be wonder'd how the *Stock* does last.
As just is *he* that *steals* for his *Relief*,
For what's a *Trader-man* but a *licens'd* *Thief*.

For *Thee* his *Wife* (too cunning for the *Man*)
Does cheat the *Cheater* all that *Woman* can:

Yet

Yet to the *Fop* an *Angel* she appears,
And is so *Fond*, that she makes out in *Tears*
His ready *Cash* he to her *Cave* does trust,
And laughs at those that think their *Wives* unjust.
Mean while she, like a *Lerch*, does drain him dry,
Then ranges all the *Town* for a *Supply*:
Frequents th' *Exchanges*, *Parks* and *Playes*, and *strikes*
A *Bargain* up with every *One* she likes;
And let 'em do their best, for as their *Play*
Is *More* or *Less*, tis answer'd in their *Pay*.

For *Then* then, thus, we see Men *Strallions* grow,
Yet few will blame these *Slaves* for being so;
The *Punk* was *Liberal*, *Loving*, *Young* and *Fair*,
And they will cry——*Gold* *Flesh* and *Blood* for *her*;
But what can that *Wretch* for his *Lewdness* say,
Who is the *Drudge* of an old *Flag* for *Pay*?
Thus *Shovel*, wicked to increase his *State*,
Lives infamously with a *Rampant Whore*;
Exhausts his *Strength* to please the insatiate *Itch*
Of a bold, strong *Dock'd*, fleshly, brinded *Bitch*;
And all rejoy (and has enjoy'd it long)
A pitifull *Estate* she holds by *Wrong*.

What shall we say? but that of *Illness*,
Has any *Sounds* (as yet we ne're cou'd see)
Its *smell* *Pillars* are set up by *These*,
In vain we wou'd the *Ill* you cause unfold,
If we write *Agers*, ha'f will be untold.

E'en *Women*, in comparison of *Men*,
Use wretched *Men* with some *Humanity*;
They *Damn* *One* *Part*, and you the other *Three*.

T H E E N D.

(MAY his Wife (too cunning for the Man)
Does chase the *Devil* all that is in him)

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